HISTRIONIC—IF NOT HISTORIC.

A demand has been long felt in our Educational Circles for a Text-book to guide the studies of those ardent youth now pursuing a thorough course at the Academy (of Music). For this the Libretto, in many respects, a valuable work of reference, seems, for several reasons, insufficient. Therefore, V. F., who never leaves a public want unsatisfied, ("*Cui opera vita est?*—who can't exist without his Opera,") respectfully submits a few catechetical extracts from a work soon to be issued from the house of those well-known patrons of Musical Science—the HARPERS.

Question. Give the name of that King who, though possessing great merits, was nevertheless, from mistaken motives of policy, kept in the background, and thus secluded from his devoted subjects, actually failed of a popularity richly deserved.

Answer. K—LOG.

Ques. Of what King, famed as the cruel successor of King LOG, are we reminded by the graceful approach of BRIGNOLI to the foot-lights?

Ans. King STALK.

Ques. In the most reliable account which tradition furnishes of the *Miserere*, in *Il Trovatore*, mention is made of the passionate tears of Leonora. What is the proverbial character of that scene?

Ans. Hinc illæ (HINKLEY) *lachrymæ!!!!!!*

Ques. What famous artist derived his name from the possession of a voice, sweet and well preserved?

Ans. STIJELLY.

Ques. Who succeeded King COLE of musical memory, and, inheriting his pipes and fiddlers three, considerably enlarged the orchestra, and successfully carried out the policy of that Monarch's reign?

Ans. COLE'S son.

Ques. Which instrument did King COLE especially enjoy?

Ans. A horn.

Ques. Upon what did MUZIO, a famous General in History, rely, to enable him successfully to encounter the infernal Styx which met him on every stage of his progress?

Ans. FERRI.

BALLADS FOR THE TIME.

THE LAND OF THE PINE TO THE LAND OF THE PALM

I.

Ha! Southron we're coming,—you've roused us at last,
And the chains that once bound us together so fast
Shall clank at your feet 'neath the Palmetto-tree,
Ere your treason shall shatter the "Home of the Free."

II.

From the white Hampshire hills where the Bald-Eagles rest,
To the prairie that sweeps through the land of the West,
A voice has awakened our slumbering souls;
And it gathers in strength to itself as it rolls.

III.

'Tis the voice of the nation your sin has betrayed;—
In the balance of Justice your treason is weighed:
By the names you dishonor—your time is at hand,
When the cry of the mighty goes up for their land.

IV.

Do you think in your vanity, pride and conceit,
You can force the stern Northern to basely retreat?
Ah! pause in your blindness! awake from your sleep!
Ere ye meet us in enmity earnest and deep.

V.

From the "Father of Waters" whose valleys are wide;
From the great Northern lakes to the Green Mountain side,
Shall pour down in myriads, constant and true
The men who still stand by the Red, White and Blue.

VI.

That old flag shall blind with one gleam of its stars,
Your paltry abortion of prison-house "bars,"
Your laws—upon paper; your forts—upon sand;
In the light of that banner they never can stand.

VII.

And when ye shall see it float high in the air,
With all its old memories vibrating there;
Ah! your hearts will turn back by the Palmetto-tree,
With fealty and truth, to the "Home of the Free."

ANDERSON AT FORT SUMTER.

"Declaring by the emblem meet,
Of that serene repose,
How calmly noble hearts can bear
The baiting of mean foes!"

He flung his country's banner,
Forth from the Outward Wall,
Where the free and glorious sunlight
On the stars and stripes should fall,
And he said "Float thou in triumph,
Oh Standard of the Brave,
While I guard my country's honor,
By her own Atlantic wave!"

And the ringing shouts and welcome,
Went o'er the rolling sea,
And he fought them like a hero
In the cause of Liberty.

How the world looked on expectant,
With mingling fear and ire,
As when Sumter's heavy cannons
Opened their thundering fire,
To hail the honored Birthday
Of Him, whose sacred grave
Lies in the watched and guarded mound
Where Vernon's shadows wave.

And the sound went o'er the waters,
Full, resonant and free!
And he oped the coming battle,
For the cause of Liberty.

OFFICIAL.

"*Intus est equus Trojanus*," that is, the backers of PALFREY, having worked like Trojans, have caracoled (See SCOTT, W.) inside the walls of the Boston Post-office, and directly over the head of the ancient Postmaster, Mr. NAHUM CAPEN. It has been a close run, or, as LIVY terms it, *Bellum magnis nominis*, "a battle with the great NAHUM," but the thing is done.

One great difficulty now is, that with a Palfrey at the P. Office, Boston must be content hereafter, as remarked by the great and good VANITY FAIR, to acknowledge herself a one-horse town, and the mails for the rural districts must be carried by Pony Express. The old party Hacks having been quite generally turned out to grass, we suppose the new incumbent will be found pretty constantly tied to his *Post*.

But to descend from our "high state of metaphor," V. F. is glad, in all seriousness, to recognize in this new accession to an important Department of Letters, one, who as the faithful and learned Historian of the Past New England, cannot fail to grace any position which the Present can offer him.

"When Greek meets Greek."

The tow-boats *Yankee* and *Uncle Ben*, (why not Uncle ABE?) took their departure Southward with the *Baltic* and *Illinois*, that bore the United States Greeks to meet the Southern Confederacy Greeks. This is fulfilling SHAKSPEARE to the letter . . . "then comes the Tug of war!

Recreation in Natural History.

Why is it that a parrot so readily repeats phrases in different languages?

Because it has a Polly-glottis.

Con-sanguine.

How do our newly appointed foreign representatives try to improve *our* relations abroad?

Why, by taking *their* relations abroad.

Well Done!

Motto for the unsuccessful oil strikers in Pennsylvania:
Let well alone.

THE SPRING FASHIONS.

Two Words on Basques.

"He leap'd into th' imminent and deadly breach."

OR a definition, say "A bifurcated bulb, obovate, the loose upper husk just covering the point of bifurcation." This would describe botanically those numerous flowering shrubs called "gents," loaded down with the present plentiful harvest of "pants," or Trowsers, as I trow, sir, you will allow me to express it. Our youth, from being habitually loose, have become decidedly loose in habits. Those who once strode the streets with no visible means of support, are now, like unruly cattle, exceedingly frisky. The denizen of this nether world might truly say, with the poet, to the many-headed public, for whom he inexpressibly airs himself: "I pant, I sigh for thee."

This forked distention always reminds me of one of IRVING'S old heroes of Nieuw Amsterd—m (I never were), Mynheer TEN BROECK. Mynheer got his name from the fact that he was the first to introduce into this country the good old Dutch fashion of ten pair of breeches. He held the responsible office of land-measurer to the colony, from his fundamental qualifications for that position. The purchase of real estate in those days was made on the terms of so much money for as much land as a man could cover with his nether garments. The crafty Dutchmen, of course, made TEN BROECK'S breeches the standard of measurement. By this standard this goodly metropolis was bought. The historian here naively remarks that the natives "stare with astonishment and dismay as they beheld this bulbous-bottomed burgher peeled like an onion, and breeches after breeches spread forth over the land until they covered the actual site of this venerable city." If our youth to-day were only taken as the standard, with full power of appeal, *Mehercle!* how surveyors would thrive, and what a city we should have!

When I see a short, stocky man, puffy at the waist, and swaddling at the ends, breeched in good style, I think of another venerable worthy, old WOUTER VAN TWILLER, whilom Governor of this province. He was a man, says his biographer, exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference; and when he stood erect, he looked like a beer-barrel on skids. The good old Nederlander, still lives, after two centuries, in his bulbous descendants.

Quære: What effect will this inflation have upon the education of our young ideas? Unless birch-rods increase correspondingly, there is danger lest sound learning should suffer. Let those who are sitting at the seat of knowledge look well to it.

"AVAUNT! BASE QUEAN!"

The immortal WILLIAMS makes one of his characters remark, "Motley's your only wear"—or something similar. I haven't the book by me. For the sex, one might truly say now, "Basquine's your only wear." The basquine is emphatically an institution. To be sure, the basquine, in itself considered, is a unit, but then it has variety. Variety in unity, unity in variety, is the great law of basquineous development, and of nature. Through its many shifting phases, the logical observer may see running the central thread—the unmistakable basquine principle—which binds all in harmony. On Broadway, of a sunny afternoon, one may observe and classify, to his heart's content, the varied incarnations of this subtle basquine essence. There, you shall see basquines stretched tight as a drumhead sheepskin, or loosely flowing as the robes of GUIDO'S AURORA; as ornate as Indian art, or severely simple as the Roman toga of CATO. Basquines with a duet of buttons, with martial lines, platoons, brigades, divisions of buttons, and basquines *sans* buttons. Basquines as capaciously comfortable as a night-watchman's wrapper, or scant of skirt as a cavalry captain's jacket. Basquines whole, and basquines swallow-tailed, or tri- — nay, multi-furcated. Basquines braided and abraided—gimped, fringed, tasselled beaded, bugled, and laced, or hung with one Titanic bell-pull (as that were necessary to set the owner's tongue swinging!). With capote, and sometimes, may be, without caput. All kinds. Each to her own.

Now closed martially high up in the neck, beyond ornament, yet within strangulation; now triangulated mathematically downward to a bold promontory of breast-pin, with all the precision of BACHE'S best charts; with the fattest of Southdown mutton sleeves, half-developed, ignobly chained down to the mother basquine, and, like MILTON'S lion, "pawing to get free;" there they go, each husk with its fair kernel within, up and down, in and out, skipping, hopping, ricocheting, interthreading, impinging, elastically rebounding; there the all are, long or short, it may be, but all vast, colossal, tumescent.

Like nature's own blue-bell, sweetly campanulated, (though hardly that, if *campanula* be a *little* belle!) anon, stiffly wooden, frigidly erect, like sentry-boxes on an airing; now, like big drummers, with little muffs of drums before them (they must surely be *sndre* drums to tender hearts, they are so bewitching); then pyramidically tapering from infinite base-lines to beau-knots of bonnets; here have we the truest type of nature's profuseness in humoring our æsthetical whims. Every cynic may find something to his taste. Here EUCLID could see walking diagrams, and HOGARTH trace his line of beauty.

And do you ask, reader, what is the moral of all this? and what is to be the end? Alack? Itt hathe no morall that I knowe, and ye end is not yet. Peradventure, like a jack-towell, itt hathe no ende.

MORE TRIFLES.

BY OUR CONCEITED CONTRIBUTOR.

Herein is an anomaly that short-hand reporters are never light-fingered—yet one was never known to over-reach in his business transactions.

"Change in business" seems an appropriate heading for an advertisement calling upon "those indebted to call and settle."

How much better it is, to pay a due regard to the proprieties of life! Why *couldn't* the poet give the well-known couplet thus:

"Bacon and eggs—
Take care of your limbs."

Possibly a fastidious person might object to the rhyme, but then how many smirks and blushes it might have spared innocent dames!

I'm not a philosopher, yet it seems to me that an undue love of excitement is the exciting cause of many a one's undoing.

FAIRBANKS' wealth was undoubtedly originally got up on a most magnificent Scale.

Disgraceful Attempt to upset a Railway Train.

A private correspondent, writing from London, informs us that, as Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN was making tracks up Holborn Hill a short time since, a pig ran between his legs, and nearly threw him off the track. The pig, which was a pig of iron, was probably made a tool of for the commission of the dastardly act by some person smarting under the imposition of a heavy duty on that metal by the MORRILL Tariff, and who thus feebly attempted to arrest the progress of American institutions in England.

Hint to the Clown at Niblo's.

Why not cram a little from the *Journal of Commerce* and *Law Reporter*? Let us try to be cheerful.

A Game Supper.

Dutch Cheese and "Seven up."

English Opera Abroad.

Mr. AYNSLEY COOK has made a successful appearance in Cork.

A Patent Report.

Concerning Southern ingenuity,—*Non est inventus.*

The New Canute.

Once on a day, when CANUTE wore a crown,
He Sea-ward went and just escaped "Old Davy;"
SE-WARD *our* CANUTE goes—his "foot puts down"—
Shall DAVY Gulph him—horse, foot, forts and navy?

Go it!

Why is the conduct of the Secretary of the Treasury in regard to the new loan unevangelical?

Because it is a CHASE after riches.

Our Celt again.

What is the difference between a church and the Custom House?

In one there's an altar railing, and in the other a *rale* altering.

Pastoral.

"We haven't had anything from your Pen in a long time"—as the hen said to the pig that had left off grunting in consequence of his nose being out of joint.

Black and Green.

The President don't indulge in wine, but he has a hankering for the Chinese herb—the T. WEED.

Favorite Name with Spinsters.

MARIUS.

Botanical Definition.

Prickly pear. A pair of Hedge-hogs.

THE NEWCASTLE HAT.

Small Party in foreground to Friend.—I SAY JAKE! HERE COMES ONE OF THE SPRING STYLE HATS I TOLE YER ABOUT!

Jake.—MY EYE! IF THERE AINT YOUR OLD GOVERNOR IN THE STREET WITH ONE, TOO!!

STOLIDITY OF A LONDON POLICE MAGISTRATE.

In the Thames Pplice Court, according to a late London newspaper, a costermonger was brought up before Mr. WOOLRYCH, for selling apples by beat of drum. It seems that the drum is a new dodge among the street dealers, and one that has been unfavorably received by the ears of STEPNEY and other suburban retreats—ears being very properly tenacious as to any interference with their own tympans, or drums. But the point of the matter, in the case before us, is, that the magistrate merely admonished the offender and discharged him. Poor magistrate!—what a chance thou there threwest away from thee for the production of a large thing in the way of a pun!—what a quip were thus, but for Us, lost to the world forever. Stolid WOOLRYCH! Had the offending costermonger, now, been amenable to American police practice, say for instance, to the merry legislation of our own lightsome CONNOLLY, then would he probably have been disposed of by that worthy magistrate, thus:

"What! Apples by the Drum? Hang me up this costermonger, suddenly! Figs are sold by the Drum, Apples, never!"

Fish and Flesh.

A Halifax (N. S.) paper, talking of the fisheries, states as follows;

"By vessels arriving from George, we learn that Plaice are very scarce."

By a singular coincidence, the following dispatch from a disappointed office-seeker at Washington, shows that matters are equally unsatisfactory to the fishers there.

"Fishing in troubled waters. Everything disposed of. Place very scarce."

Two to one it is Jim.

Don SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE is announced at a Broadway Concert Hall. That must be—we know it is—JIM GIBBONS.

WHERE BE YOUR GIBES NOW?

Death continues to mow a double-swath with that sharp scythe of his. Funny people, who do so much towards making the world happy, are cut down as freely as melancholy people, who do so much towards making the world miserable. Entering the merry house of minstrelsy, Death seizes the funny man, whose Africanised comedy and jolly quips and quirks have made many people cheerful, and sends him far over the Silent Sea. The house which so lately resounded with uproarious laughter, stands grim and still to-day—decked in the sable trappings of woe. JERRY BRYANT's Bones were useful while he lived—may they rest in peace now. He has gone, let us believe, where the good darkies go, and may Heaven rest his soul.

Pulverous.

The Boston *Post* publishes Pacific items under the head of "Dust from California."

Doesn't the reader get it in his eye, though?

Certain champagne is mentioned as being manufactured from turnip juice, and made to sparkle by gas from vitriol and marble dust.

And those who drink the stuff are swallowing their own tombstones.

Ewesful.

At Danbury (Conn.) a farmer bought 200 common ewes, last year, and made a clean profit on them at the end of the year, of over $1,000.

By which time he found them to be W's (double ewes.)

The Broadway Railroad.

Poor GEORGE LAW! His Gridiron being smashed up, isn't it natural enough that his fat should all be in the fire!

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE REJECTED CONTRIBUTOR.

S the Rejected Contributor is not by any means a cheerful person, let us open this brief notice of him by avowing that it would not deject us, but rather the reverse, to see him stuffed by a skilful taxiderm i s t, and placed permanently in an asylum for decayed woodpeckers and owls. Generally of an atrabilious t e m perament, the Rejected Contributor sees everything connected with literary affairs—except his own writings—in a dim, but not religious light. The sea upon which he has launched his literary bark is, according to his own ever-recurring description of it, a disastrous and gloomy one—so much so, indeed, as to suggest the idea of a lake of black-draught, surging wildly upon a beach of blue pills. His mind is generally occupied, for a week at a time, in boiling with hatred of the particular journal or magazine from the doors of which his last poor production has been turned penniless away. If the editor of the *Hebdomadary Horsecellar*, for instance, snubs him by declining to accept a string of "G ins" carefully prepared by him with a view to raising the wit-standard of that spicy journal, and a couple of dollars, the Rejected Contributor passes many bitter days in throwing dirt upon the H. H. He perambulates the city, permeating and infesting the establishments of the newsdealers, to whom he denigrates the character of the *Hebdomadary Horsecellar*, asserting that he is acquainted with many serious old fathers-of-families, who would not admit it into their house on any terms, fearful lest a gloomy spirit might be fostered by it in the family bosom. Then he states that the editor of the H. H., although in ss, is quite a brilliant star of dazzling light compared to the man who conducts the *Deep Sea Lead*, upon the chaste cover of which select monthly he plumps down the finger of contempt, reminiscent that from its columns his poem of "The Oyster Opener" has been formally excluded, "with thanks." In conclusion, we would advise all who value rude health more than feeble writing, to run away as fast as they can whenever they see the Rejected Contributor approaching with his bundle of "declined-with-thanks," because, as we have already remarked, he is not by any means a cheerful person, nor one whose conversation is calculated to di ert the spleen.

Bit of Information.

The *Church Journal* says that the Bishop of Durham has s t is whole diocese in a ferment by an uncommonly big family j b. The earliest place that fell to him in his former diocese of Carlisle was given to his son-in-law, the Rev. EDWA D CHEESE. Being promoted to Durham. the first Rectory of $6,500 that falls vacant is given to the same Mr. CHEESE, under very aggravating circumstances, too, which makes the thing look worse than common, says the *Church Journal*."

A very rich Cream Cheese, this! The identical one of Mr. G W. C.—ney?

Propter Nimium.

Why is the middle of March like an old cotton umbrella?
Because it is always Lent.

Why is that conundrum like first rate Montefiascone wine?
Because it's the old "Est," you know.

Balm for Wounded Politicians.

App-ointment.

SONG OF THE KEYS.

With eyelids h avy and worn,
With aching brow and knees,
A husband toiled at a slave's own work
Finding his wife's lost keys.
Search, Search, Search,
Under bureau, table and chair,
He growled of a place that I've heard of at Church,
And wished that the keys were there.

Look! Look! Look!
In basement, bedroom and hall,
Look! Look! Look!
In each crack in the plastered wall,
'Tis O! to be a slave
In a Southern sun to broil,
Where niggers have only to work for a grave,
If this be a husband's toil!

Search! Search! Search!
Till the brain begins to swim,
Search! Search! Search!
Till the eyes grow heavy and dim.
Drawer and pocket and shelf,
Shelf and pocket and drawer,
Till I dream that I am a key myself,
And wonder what lock I am for.

O! men who live in your rooms,
O! men without servants and wives,
You little know how those things wear out
We poor ex-batchelor's lives.
Look! Look! Look!
Under bureau, table and chair,
Till weary we sit on the basement steps
And go to sleep in despair.

But why do I talk of despair!
That phantom of grisly bone,
With reddened eye and ruffled hair,
It seems so like my own!
It seems so like my own,
So sick of this mortal round,
O! would that wives had a place for keys
Where wanted they might be found!

O! to be once more in my room,
With my slippers upon my feet,
To spread the aroma, the soft perfume
Of that Indian weed so sweet!
O! but for one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew that the loss of keys
Would defer the morning meal.

O! but for one short hour,
A respite however brief,
From the fearful thought that thro' loss of keys,
The dinner will "come to grief."
A little brandy would give me strength
And grant my spirit ease,
But I cannot reach the consoling drop
For my wife has mislaid the keys.

With eyelids heavy and worn,
With aching brow and knees,
A husband toiled at a slave's own work,
Finding his wife's lost keys.
Search, Search, Search,
Under bureau, table and chair,
While I growl of a place that I've heard of at Church,
And wish that the keys were there.

To Be Let Alone.

In search of eight millions, Ole ABE made a chase,
From Bankers and Brokers to fetch 'em;
Three millions came in at a 94 pace,
But 93.12 couldn't KETCHUM!

And again,

Why is a sign-board, at the entrance of a park, warning intruders against hunting the animals, like the late U. S. loan at 94?

Because it's forbidding to KETCHUM!

(N. B. No more received on this subject. Ed. V. F.)

LOCAL WAR NEWS.

OUR own Rep—we beg pard—we mean our Special Cor—has been about. With an American flag wound around his hat, he has plunged into every den—he went once into the *Daily News* and *Day Book* offices—to take the Sense of the people on the War.

We find only two blank pages in his book They contain such Sense as he collected in the offices alluded to.

Everywhere else the uttermost confuziasm prevails in all circles. The Ring talks Roundly of coming out square for the Union. Steel hooped skirts are being contributed by thousands of the fair sex, for the purpose of forming an electric battery, which is to shock those horrid creatures who are coming here with mortar, paixhan and petard. As the wires in question have been at all times Highly Charged, it is thought that no battery will be requisite to render them available.

A club of Vivandiéres is being formed in the Fifth Avenue. Our friend YDOLA CLEMENCE has got such a perfect little love of a barrel slung by a Solferino ribbon. She Pants for the fray, being in no wise afraid of an engagement.

In HERR DIETRICH SCHWILLENSAUF'S Lager Bier Haus, dedicated to the Palatine Free American Bohemian German Revolutions of '76 and '48, in eighty-seven syllables, stupendous enthusiasm prevailed. Nothing was said, of course, by the two score Teutons weighing about a ton each who sat and drained in the *Wirthstube* where the Bier is schenked out; but our Demi-Repor—we mean our full special, who has learned the secret language of German conversation, as expressed by puffs of smoke, declares that a fierce, furious, and bloody debate went on, mingled with several very lively songs, which were applauded by taking tremendous pint drinks of all sizes except small ones. While the session was in Full Smash it was startled by the entrance of a very large Secessionist in a new hat. Five puffs of smoke were at once emitted from the left nostrils of the whole party, which being interpreted signify "Schlag him on de kop, trow him outer de window mit himself." A wild rush at once ensued, and the intruder was pitched into the street, which was fortunately only two feet below the sill. Recovering, he found himself suddenly converted, and crying aloud "To der tyfel mit der soosayshoon!" rushed insanely away.

April 17 witnessed a big fight between an intemperately attired Old Line Democrat and a joyous multitude previous to the *Tribune* office—or, to give every one a fair chance, say the *Times*. Democrat considerably bungy—tried to hurrah for North and Union—wasn't used to the words—tried Seventy-Six and Gel—lorious Constitution—went easier, and ran for life down towards CROOK and DUFF'S.

Mob gathered in front of *Day Book*—yelled voci-feriously for *American Flag*—Day Bookers didn't carry such—"only provided with a Black Flag and Cross Bones," as a cheerful mobbite suggested. Great American manifestation—stupendous voice—free 'n 'nited people went up in union on high—*Day Book* scared out of its wits—caved—sent out and bought new one, which was exalted amid upwards of a few roars from the patriots.

Rush No. II. at the *World* Patriots evidently insane. Turned out that as it was only read by the Pious, which are few, the Patriots were not posted. *World* didn't See the thing, until finally a Patriot said DAMN! Then—fearing lest some one might repeat the Expression, the *World* at once discovered a star and stripes which was hung in a pious old way out of a window.

Rush No. III at old *Journal of Commerce*. Flag came out promptually as our porte monnaye does when requested by our tailor to settle. A song requested by the joyous multitude from the Messrs. HALLOCK. Messrs. H. offered to split difference and sing a hymn—mob broke and rushed away for dear life.

Towards *Express*, rush No. IV. Extraordinary developments. Six grave old gentlemen, members of Dr. SPRING'S church, in a state of Intox, wildly roaring for a little more blood, and frantically calling on BROOKS for vengeance and atonement. Heard a *Times* attaché declare that he would probably fetch some out directly in a coffee-pot. Yells grew slightally savage. Elder in Dr. TYNG'S church suggested fire and camphene. Overruled by Rev. Mr. ———, who thought that a little crucifixion on the half-shell would be appropriater. Right in the middle of the three cent pie, out came the *Express* and convivially hoisted its Rag. A fierce shout from the thousands broke who thought to see them die. First came the *Herald* and the *Sun*; then all the others one by one.

Rushest of all rushes—first and last—was that on *Daily News*. *News* wouldn't Flag, because, as RAYMOND says, they like to be abused and Wanted to be martyred and charge it to city. Just so. HARRY FRANCO saw this and did his Little Utmost to preserve harmony and property. Implored mob NOT to pull up paving stones if they *would* come out easy, and NOT to smash those beautiful large plate glass windows which were Mayor Woop's. Which they didn't. *News* finally compromised to obey, and did so with great disgustingness.

4 P. M.

As we write ten thousand infuriators are performing a wild Saraband of ferocious triumph, hand in hand, in an enormous ring clear around the Park. Talk of raising an impromptu army to go South and conquer Jersey, and making the Great and Good VANITY FAIR its General. Hooray! We're On It. We hear 'em coming up stairs. Our enormous Instinct suggests their intent—they come—they beat the door in! —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— —— What an Institution we are, to be sure, and what a grand affair it is to be popular.

A SUGGESTION, TO MAJOR ANDERSON.

Although without question
All credit is due
To your courage and skill,
Dear ANDERSON; still,
One little suggestion
V. F. makes to you.
Why didn't you throw,
When the first bullet fell
Round your fort, a few shell
Of ten inches or so
Toward the town
Where, they say,
All the people came down
To see, through their glasses
(The pitiful asses!)
How soon stout Fort Sumter would crumble away?
Suppose that a bomb—
Or a dozen—had come
Majestically sailing
Right over the railing,
That runs round the green,
(Which a delicate flattery
Has christened "The Battery.")
How many brave Southerners there had been seen?
And each beautiful lady
Of the "Five Thousand" fair,
Who "held themselves ready"
Would they have staid there?
'Twas a thing to have done,
If only for fun,
Just to show how the gallant spectators could run!

"Give 'em Rope!"

The leader of the Southern rebels, one JEFF DAVIS, is fond of issuing proclamations in which he exhorts his followers to go heavily into the privateering business, and "promote Concord." As a counter to this, let every Union man, North or South, do his best to promote Whipcord for the backs, and a stouter quality of Cord for the necks of all who go in for "promoting Concord" on the JEFF DAVIS principle.

A Bare Supposition.

There is reason to suppose that Fort Sumter, at the time of its surrender, was preparing to wade over to Morris Island and take the batteries by assault; because, when the rebels took possession of it, they found it without Breaches.

About to go through the Mill.

The Flour of Chivalry.

GEMS OF WAR-JOURNALISM.

THE renowned RUSSELL, war-correspondent of the London *Times*, should lose no time in making such arrangements, with his hatter as are necessary to meet the contingency of a diminished head.

For the famed historian of two fierce campaigns no longer looms up Titanic among his fellows in the field of battle-literature. Hitherto he has been held up by the press of both sides of the Atlantic as a kind of supernatural photographer of passing events: a Recording Angel, in fact, with a gold-and-ruby pen in his inspired hand, and a bottle of *mauve* ink at his martial button-hole, wherewith to engross upon cartridge-paper his purple entries of butchery by the law of nations. We have frequently had the pleasure of beholding Mr. RUSSELL in our mind's eye, as he appeared—or might have appeared—on the skirts of the battle. Upon such occasions we generally found him seated upon a keg of the very best F. F. gunpowder that could be procured for money, writing out his notes upon the saddle of the dead steed that had just been shot away from under him, and now served him for a table, and keeping his pipe alight by occasional reference to the smouldering fuze of a fat shell that lay, bloated with destruction, at his elbow. Alas! for poor Mr. RUSSELL, as he erstwhile appeared to our mind's eye! Alas! for the mind; which, being provided, as everybody knows, with but one eye, cannot see Mr. RUSSELL and the editor of the Charleston *Courier* at one and the same time. Since we have a War among us, and also an Editor of a Charleston *Courier*, let us be content that the latter should seat himself in the place recently occupied by Mr. RUSSELL in our mind's eye. Let the man of the C. C. and not the "other man" be henceforth our type of the angelic stenographer who takes down battles in short-hand on the spot, and then enlarges the record into a great newspaper epic "upon ice," with all the modern improvements.

That we may not be amenable to a charge of injustice toward the hitherto renowned war-correspondent of the *London Times*, let us examine, briefly, the Southern Narrative of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, as related in the Charleston *Courier* of Saturday 13 April.

A great fact had transpired. It was the afternoon of Thursday, April 11, 1861, and Major ROBERT ANDERSON had just replied to the demand of General BEAUREGARD for the surrender of Fort Sumter, that he wouldn't do it. See how the Man of the C. C. has spread himself upon his purple pinions and hovered over the fact. Alluding to the reception of Major ANDERSON's reply at Charleston, he says:

> "Rumor, as she is wont to do, shaped the facts to suit her purposes, enlarged their dimensions, and gave them a complexion which they had not worn when fresh from the pure and artless hands of truth."

All intelligent persons are aware that Truth resides at the bottom of a well: coupling which fact with the general tone of the Man of the C. C., we infer that he possesses a fountain of that kind in his back-yard, and has got his hands into a "pure and artless" state by washing them in it. This must be good for the limpid element, out of which the Man of the C. C. might make a handsome thing, if he would only bottle it off, and sell it under the name of Southern Congress Water.

Describing how the anxious Charlestonians looked out for the "flash of the first gun," the Man of the C. C. opens a field for "wild surmise" and startling suggestions. The following are his words:

> "There they stood, straining their eyes over the dark expanse of water, waiting to see the flash and hear the boom of the first gun. The clock told the hour of 11, and still they gazed and listened, but the eyelids grew weary, and at the noon of night the larger portion of the disappointed spectators were plodding their way homeward."

Without waiting to speculate upon what "the hour of 11" said when the clock told it that the people of Charleston were engaged in straining their eyes for a flash, and their ears for a boom, let us dwell a moment upon that fine and original expression, "the noon of night." There is a "wild surmise" intimately connected with that fine and original expression. It is this. That the Sun of South Carolina has set for an indefinite period, so that the inhabitants of that district are obliged to go to the middle of the night for a Noon. We hope that they will not experience any very bad consequences from this remaining "out in the cold."

There is a fine religious spirit breathing throughout the entire war-report of the Man of the C. C. He prays for the "venerable EDWARD RUFFIN," who fired their first shot from the Iron Battery. We trust that he spells his name right. He also sanctifies the immense event of the evacuation of a partially wooden fortress with seventy men in it, by "returning thanks to Almighty God for the great success that has thus far crowned our arms." Likewise he informs us that, at the outset of the struggle he, the Man of the C. C., did up a good deal of praying in his own cheerful way for "sanction and aid" from a Quarter approached by him with singular confidence and familiarity of address. To see how complete and consistent a Christian the Man of the C. C. is, we have but to read the following sentiments indited by his facile pen.

> "The sword must cut asunder the last tie that bound us to a people, whom, in spite of wrongs and injustice wantonly inflicted through a long series of years we had not yet utterly hated and despised. The last expiring spark of affection must be quenched in blood. Some of the most splendid pages in our glorious history must be blurred. A blow must be struck that would make the ears of every Republican fanatic tingle, and whose dreadful effects will be felt by generations yet to come. We must transmit a heritage of rankling and undying hate to our children."

There are many rash persons in this part of the world, who would, not hesitate to characterize the battle-editor of the Charleston *Courier* as a Blasphemous Bottleholder.

THEREBY "HANGS" A TALE.

The Southern papers—which, by the way, are almost as peculiar an institution as some other Southern arrangements—are, just now, very *couleur-de-rose* and rhetorical; not to put too fine a point upon it, indeed, they are highfaluten to a marvellous degree. They have only to beat any political bush, apparently, to start a first-class statesman. Their loans are all taken at high premiums, even before they are offered. Business is brisker than ever before, right "in the dead waste and middle of the" crisis. All Europe is only awaiting a chance to take the sweet-scented practical Amalgamation Confederacy to its bosom, and the grass is growing in the streets of the Northern cities—all for two dollars *per annum*, payable in advance!

Here, then, is a passage, quoted literally from one of these staid and imaginative sheets. It is the peroration to a leading editorial:

> "The dawn of a new era of freedom from Northern oppression is flushing the hill-tops with its iridescent splendors. Awake, brothers! already we see glorious beams above our heads!"

Curiously enough, this sentence contains a glimmer of prophetic truth. There are many of the Amalgamation patriots and statesmen, who if they do not now, will doubtless very soon see Beams over their Heads . . . and the beams will have ropes hanging from them!

Dramatic.

JOHNSON (to dissipated young party, inclined to theatricals) Say, SIMPKINS, you've got good legs for tights.

SIMPKINS (with wild "larf") Yes; they've been on 'em often enough!

The new "Paper Tie."

A "tie" between the *Day Book* and *Express*, as to which of them would be first in running up a Union Flag, when a Union mob was around their door-steps the other day.

Similia Similibus Curantur.

The administration are evidently believers in the axiom of the Homœopathic School. They send vessels to Southern Ports, to bring by a Sea Session to repress Secession.

Spurs that cannot "make the Mare go."

The "Hot-Spurs of the South."

Isn't That So, Slemmer?

From a telegram that lately appeared in that festive publication, the *Herald*, we take this caballistic sentence:

"A brush at Pensacola is daily looked for."

We don't know exactly what the size of this expected brush is, but we can assure the Secessionists beyond all doubt that it is one which will Take Their Hair Off when it does come.

A Word With McCullough.

By our Washington Correspondent.
BEN, BOLT!

Military Intelligence.

We are authorized to contradict a statement in circulation to the effect that the Boot Black Boys of this city are about to be organized into a brigade for active service.

The rumor that a Polish regiment is about to be raised is, we believe, correct.

Artistic.

What sort of Magazines are there to be in the new French frigate?

The sort that is embellished with steel plates.

Another and worse.

Moses, who has lately been going to the opera, has discovered that the first woman was a Hebrew—the Jew EVE.

OUR COOL ARTIST ALWAYS PHOTOGRAPHS HIS "GRIZZLY," BEFORE HE SHOOTS IT.

DEAR MURDERED DUNCAN.

JEFF. DAVIS used to talk about Crocodile Tears, when people wept after he and his fellow swindlers had stripped them.

Here is a specimen of the style of editorial tears, in which that Influential, Consistent, and Patriotic journal, the N. Y. *Herald*, lately indulged:

"Can anything be imagined more atrocious, more heartrending, than this steady roll onward of the flood, which has begun to devour before it every trace of our past prosperity as a nation? The stupendous treason, which has insidiously, slowly, but surely, worked itself into a dividing line between those who have cherished the institutions of the country, and the traitors, North and South, who have been resolved to destroy it, is at length consummated. Brothers are armed against brothers; fathers against sons; a United States fleet, with every implement of destruction has been sent to carry death into the midst of communities bound to us by the most sacred ties, and the signal for massacre has, in all likelihood, already been given."

That, friends and fellow readers, is pretty well for the *Herald*. After performing all it could to incite this civil war; after doing its little best to alienate the South from the North; after years of misrepresentation of Northern sentiment, and encouragement of Southern animosity; after fostering and developing treason by all the meanest means in its power; after doing all it could to persuade the Southern Philistines to war, upon the plea that the Secessionists here would act the DELILAH by the Government SAMSON—after all *this*, it is very gloriously well for the *Herald* to begin to whine and shed hypocritical tears at the prospect before us!

There was once another celebrated Scotsman, one MACBETH, who did the same thing in about the same style. After having crept to DUNCAN'S chamber at the dead of night, and committed a cowardly murder, with what a *Herald*-like air he declaims to MCDUFF, BANQUO, and LENOX,

"Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to wag of."

Don.—"What is amiss?"

Macbeth.—"You are, and do not know it;
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped!"

All is appointed for some wise purpose in this world—and time will show why GOD has given life to rattlesnakes, *Heralds*, copper-heads, calumniators, Dead Rabbits, fever and ague, swill-milk, the Five Points, Secession, and all that is vile, foul, false, and unholy.

For which reason, we express no particular astonishment that this MACBETH has not ere this been extinguished to the tune of "The time is free." Romantic retribution is out of date save in the *Mercury* and *Ledger*. But final justice and truth endure forever—they come slow-footed—*but they come*, and there is no joke or merriment in the idea of that last hour when the avenging furies shall send their first shrill scream in eternity to the soul of a BENNETT! Orestes had no better cause to tremble.

Malaprop.

"The treasury notes of the Confederate States have at the end the Goddess of Liberty in starry drapery." So says an exchange.

And the image of CHRIST was placed at the corner of the torture rooms of the Inquisition—yes—held up before the face of the screaming victims. This is not the first time that the enemy has found it convenient in one form or another, to quote Scripture, or pervert symbols. "Oh Liberty!" said Madame ROLAND, "what horrors are committed in thy name!"

Rather Maize-y.

A correspondent asks: "Has the Southern Corn-fed-eracy really induced the New-Orleans Banks to Shell Out, or is that statement only an 'ear-say?"

There may be some *grain* of truth in the report, but for full information, we refer our correspondent to ex-Secretary COBB.—ED. V. F.

Why Major Anderson did not Shell Charleston.

Because, though he had A-range-meant to reach the city, not even a gun could be brought to bear to destroy it.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ROME, April 1st.

DEAR VANITY:—I write you under the effects of a tremendous excitement.

This is the proudest moment of my life!

Let me, however, calm my emotions, and begin at the beginning.

As I proposed in my last, I assumed the management of the opera-house immediately on my return to Rome, and produced the *Trovatore*, with my new prima donna, the brigand's daughter, as *Leonora*.

The difficulty was to procure a tenor, capable of properly supporting her.

I was in despair.

I tried half-a-dozen celebrated tenori—FIDDELLI, MEZZO DI RILIEVO, STUCCO, UGLIPARTI—and others, all well-known and sweet singers; but none would do. My prima donna was too good for them, and their voices sounded wretchedly thin by the side of hers.

So I had to sing the part of *Manrico* myself.

There was not a dry eye in the house.

While I was repeating the "*Non ti scordar di me*" for the twelfth time, in obedience to the whirlwind of calls I received, a Zouave, one of my own battalion, brought me a dispatch . . .

The war had reopened . . .

GARIBALDI, with a hundred thousand men, had invested the Quirinal, and a bombardment was about to commence!

Nineteen batteries, constructed of sandbags railroad-iron and fascines, lined the shores of the Tiber, and a large floating battery had been moored within short gunshot of the Pope's palace.

All this work had been done while I was up in the mountains.

I left the opera-house instantly, breaking my *aria* off in the middle, and rushed to the scene.

GARIBALDI had just opened the ball by firing two shots at the Quirinal.

This was twenty-two and a third minutes past four in the morning. The Pope did not reply until sunrise, when he fired several barbette guns back, and three batteries opened upon him.

The fight was now fairly inaugurated. Ten thousand more men arrived at the batteries.

Shot and shell rained thick upon us, but we were so well protected that nobody was hurt.

Our men were perfectly reckless. After every shot, they climbed up the flag-staffs, looked at the effect of their fire, and cheered.

Their precision was wonderful. Each discharge told fearfully. All the windows in the palace were broken.

Three vessels of the Papal navy appeared below the bar, in the Tiber, but rendered no assistance.

A party of dragoons at the STEPHANO iron battery played a game of seven-up on the parapet during the hottest fire.

I was in my operatic costume, with only a dress sword; but the intrepidity I displayed was almost superhuman.

An immense crowd gathered in the Coliseum, to watch the battle with their eyeglasses. Five hundred thousand ladies held themselves ready for any emergency.

A sharp rainstorm came on in the afternoon, but did not damp the ardor of our soldiers. They were mostly stripped to the waist, and fought valiantly under umbrellas. Ten thousand more men arrived.

Night alone stopped the cannonade, though not entirely. I gave orders that each of the nineteen batteries should throw twelve shells a minute into the palace, just to keep his holiness wide awake, all night.

The battlements of the Quirinal were greatly demolished, and several of the barbette guns dismounted. No breach appeared as yet.

Seven hundred balls riddled the floating battery below the water-line, but produced no effect upon it.

Two shells were thrown during the night, as I had ordered. The display . . . also according to my command . . . was splendid.

In the morning, one of our batteries commenced firing red-hot shot, and the palace took fire in eighteen different places.

Many loud explosions were heard inside, and it was reported that the Pope was blowing up his own stronghold.

It was found, however, that he was only blowing up his servants.

Sheets of flame now burst out from every window and port-hole of the palace. This did not, however, interfere with PIUS'S fire, in the least.

It was observed that he launched a raft on the Tiber, and sent out his entire force with buckets to dip up water for extinguishing the flames. Our batteries were directed towards this raft, and made sad havoc with the poor fellows upon it.

A heavy bombardment was still kept up from the Quirinal.

Ten thousand more men arrived at our batteries.

Every one of our soldiers was knocked down many times by pieces of shell. One fragment struck my head, glanced off, and buried itself two inches deep in a mahogany plank.

Up to this time, nobody was hurt.

The Papal flag was shot away from the Quirinal, and waved triumphantly in the breeze.

There was hardly any firing from the other side. It was thought that His Holiness was heating shot.

Every gun now told upon the palace, and it was plain that the Papal forces . . . consisting of only three men, including the officers, band, and laborers . . . could not hold out much longer.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, a white flag was hoisted from the ramparts. GARIBALDI and I rowed across the Tiber in an open boat, with the bombs skipping about us in every direction.

PIUS received us at a case-mate.

"Why do your men fire upon me after I have hoisted a flag of truce?"

"You must strike the Papal colors," I replied.

The objectionable bunting was withdrawn, and a mighty cheer spread up and down the line of batteries, as the firing ceased.

"How many are killed on your side, MAC?" asked PIUS.

"Not a man; and none wounded. How many on your side?"

"Not one hurt. Send me a fire-engine. All the brickwork in the palace is on fire. Bring a flatboat with you to take me off. Here is my sword, General GARIBALDI."

JOE waved his hand toward me.

"That is the man to receive it," said he, with emotion.

PIUS tendered the weapon to me. I took it, hit him a playful wipe over the head with it, and handed it back.

"I won't take it, old fellow. You are too much of a brick," I said.

This sublime magnanimity, of which I have given so many proofs, touched him. He wept.

The flag of United Italy now floats over the Quirinal. The flames were extinguished easily, and it was found that not the slightest damage had been done on either side, to life or property.

The Pope is the guest of General GARIBALDI, and is treated with the greatest kindness. All is quiet, and I am happy.

I feel certain that your readers would find it difficult to believe the strange particulars of this unparalleled battle, were they not told upon the honor of

McARONE.

In Regard to Leaving in Peace.

When we discover a party of burglarious persons in the house, we may possibly conclude to let them leave in peace, but shall object to their carrying off our spoons and things. Seceshers who have stolen our forts, arsenals, navy-yards, mints, etc, please notice.

A WORD TO THE MILLINER OF THE PERIOD.

Appreciation of the fitness of things is not a characteristic of the milliner of the period in which we live. Tradition seems, with her, to be a fixed principle; and all her so-called creations in the way of bonnets and hats are but ill disguised modifications of the coal-scuttle, the bee-hive, and the *casserole* of the red-armed scullion maid. The *belle* who promenades Broadway with a *suprème de volaille* upon her head, thinking that she is doing things in a manner strictly original, would be shocked to learn that her expensive top-dressing is but a piratical compilation from the *perdrix au chou* of her great-grandmother; and yet such is the fact. Now no milliner, accustomed though she may be to giving particular fits, could so modify either of the articles in question as to render them fit for the progressive exactions of modern propriety. The fault of the milliner of the period is that she will not go to nature for moulds. She goes to grass, indeed, for the wreaths wherewith to deck the gay *purée à la jardinière;* to the garden she proceeds for the rose, the camellia, and the fragile *ornithorincus paradoxus*. But there she stops, shutting off nature as she would gas: and, returning upon her fossil footsteps, she falls over the ancient coal-scuttle, upsets the time-worn bee-hive, and flattens her nose against the unsightly *casserole* of the red-armed scullion-maid. Let the milliner go boldly to nature for her moulds. There is a bonnet in every bird's nest, a *ruche* upon every bank, and a sweet love of a hat in the shell of the tidy shore. Dear milliner of the period! see what can be done by going boldly to nature for a mould. From a mere shell the mind of taste—our mind—has devised the delicious thing in hats with which we here present you. Try our seasonable sea-side hat. The materials for it are cheap and easily procured; for shell, which is of vascular and organic structure, consists simply of sixty parts carbonate of lime, fourteen phosphate, and twenty-six cartilage. Earthy particles, united by juxtaposition, may be thrown in to give consistency to the composition.

THE HALF-SHELL HAT.

A SWEET LITTLE SEA-SIDE THING FOR THE COMING SUMMER.

THE COLOR OF ROMANCE.

One of the sensation-weeklies heads an advertisement of a new story by NED BUNTLINE (who, it seems, is still alive!) with this somewhat startling display:

"THE DEATH MYSTERY!
A CRIMSON TALE
OF
LIFE IN NEW YORK."

"Crimson Tale" is good, though rather bewildering at first sight.

Can it mean a Highly Colored fiction?

Tales are "stories," and so are falsehoods; is the "Death Mystery," then, only a White Lie painted red?

Perhaps Mr. BUNTLINE emulates the example of the fabulous monkey who desired to be "neat but not gaudy." Perhaps his romances are all *couleur de rose*. Perhaps the writer of the advertisement meant to imply a covert sarcasm on the parrot-like style of these sensation-stories generally, and to insinuate that Mr. BUNTLINE had a parrot's hues—a green head and "crimson tale."

Seriously, where is this sort of thing to end, if once recognized by the public?

May not SYLVANUS COBB come out in prismatic opposition, and give us sky-blue Romances of Boston, Orange-colored Adventures in Ireland, or Black and Yellow Narratives of Virginia Life?

What is to prevent the lesser writers, too, from going into dilletantism and pursuing the nicer shades of chromatography? Think of the rainbow literature that may arise . . . the *mauve* essays; the salmon or violet sketches; the cream-colored incidents, and pistachio poems!

After all, some good may come out of the Buntlineer Nazareth. A Red, White, and Blue Life of Major ANDERSON would be exceedingly appropriate; or a Brown History of Raids. We shall give our correspondent, MCARONE, a hint to bring out a Flaming Solferino and Magenta account of the war in Italy, and contemplate issuing yearly, from this office, a volume which shall be universally hailed as the Pink of Humorous Literature!

ADVICE TO A PRIVATE EAR.

The following notice appears among the advertisements of the Charleston *Mercury:*

"Wanted—A first class strongly built clipper steamer. She must be fast, light draft, and capable of being fitted out as a privateer. Address "Sumter," through the post-office."

Well and good. That's the game, is it? Pirateering. But where are you going to take your prizes when you get them?

Secondly—you dont happen to have any rich plantations, do you, lying around loose on the borders of the sea, where Northern or Old Union privateers could run up? Nor any small towns? And it don't seem to have occured to you that this commerce of ours which you want to letter-of-marque so badly, may take to privateering itself. There are abundant ships and copious Yankees who understand sailing them a little better than you probably do, Master SUMTER. And VANITY FAIR rather guesses that your Coast will pay about as well as our Commerce.

Finally—how about the Niggers! This is a matter which we of the Old Union have no notion of meddling with. But there be certain renegade rascals—fellows who now carry on the Slave-Trade which you so much admire; rogues and scoundrels of all nations, who will play Cow-Boy and Skinner, and skin your sea-side plantations pretty effectually of negroes for the Cuban market. "What is to hinder it?" Cuba and Spanish Haiti will not, that's pretty certain. *Bozal* is *Bozal*—no matter whether he talks Spanish or English.

See here. We are going into one of the fiercest, bloodiest, longest, strongest wars ever read of in history. Make up your minds to that, ye merrie men all. You've goaded us step by step to it—and now we're going to accommodate you. And since you are to have as much as mortal heart can desire, what is the use of privateering, when an instant's reflection must show that we can beat you ten to one on that game.

SUMTER—be moderate!

That's it.

"The South has treated us as a foreign, hostile Power, and we can no longer treat or temporize—we must fight"—*N. Y. Herald*, April 17.

Or be kicked. That's so. And the "we" in question came precious near it the other day when It rushed round the corner up to Broadway with a well shod mob howling after It.

This is too Horrible.

The public generally, we presume, is not aware of the fact that Mr. E. G. P. Q. R. X. Z. WILKINS, author of "Henriette," is a cannibal. Such, however, is the case. He makes A Meal (*Emile*) of LESTER WALLACK every night.

Nye, trating thim.

General NYE it seems has been going about Washington knocking down secessionists. We presume that his favorite song is "go away black man, dont you come Nye me."

By our Historical Contributor.

The Rulers of the Southern Confederacy—The Dynasty of the Seizers.

THE EDITORIAL JIM CROW.

Wheel about, an' turn about,
An' do jis' so,
An' ebery time I turn my coat
I says I told you so.

"GONE—FOR GOOD"

Fort Sumter is gone.

And in God's name let it go. If it was fought to the last gasp as a true man with his whole heart in a cause fights, why, well and good. No one can outdo the best. If there had been a desperate deed of daring—one of those fierce acts of struggling to the last, and then a match in the powder magazine—it cannot be denied that the dramatic force would have been somewhat heightened.

But it is gone and to good purpose. No more paltering now, no squeaming, and squirming, and shrugging of shoulders—no delicate dread of "offending the South," of "coërcion" and of "irreparably widening the breach." All that is cast to the winds. Friends and brothers—sisters, and all in whose bosoms beat honest American hearts, let us bravely face the fact that WAR IS HERE—and don't let a living soul flinch before the fact. Ay, WAR—and let it be so. When insult, aggravation, and intolerance goad man into resistance—as we are goaded, let him take hold bravely genially and hopefully—fighting to the last, though it be even to the sweet and holy death of him who dies for the truth.

In this new Cotton Confederacy—in this Devil's Compact—the world sees the last stronghold of that old primæval Serpent of the Sum of all Sin—the principle that a vast mass of men should be Mud-Sills, whereon the privileged Few may rise to pleasant aristocracy and elegant ease. Under the action of Capital and of Manufactures, the power of Public Opinion and of the Rights of Man has gradually enlarged in every land, until Emperors vie with each other in elevating the peasant and proletary. Only in Cotton-dom does its President shamelessly proclaim, that henceforth slavery, and with it of course, aristocracy, shall be enforced as fundamental principles. He who strikes such a land a blow does GOD good service.

And now that they want war, give them war—as much of it as they can bear! Up and arm! Never yet in the whole blood-roll of battles, not when CRESCENTIUS fought for the last spark of Roman freedom—not when ULRICH VON HUTTEN, the noblest heart of his day, guerillaed with the band of FRANZ VON SICKINGEN for Free Thought during the Reformation—not when the Swiss rallied at Sempach, not in our own glorious Revolution, was there ever a fairer fight for Humanity, Truth, and Man's Rights.

"Whether on the gallows tree,
Or in the battle's van,
The noblest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

And it is a great privilege for every man of brave heart and noble feelings, to realize that he has the chance to fight in behalf of this truth, more clearly expressed than it has ever been at any time. There is not a principle of progress, of humanity, of liberty, and above all, not a struggle for that holiest of doctrines, free thought and action, which is not involved on the one side—not a dark dogma to the contrary which is not professed by the other. So go on, soldiers of all that is great and good. Already the drums rattle from afar, the trumpet sounds *reveillé*—hurrah for the sacred cause! North and West, hurrah! Pour down your strong-armed millions to do battle as of old in the holy cause. The world's last great struggle is before you—happy those who can die in it!

Hurrah then!

OUT AND FIGHT.

Out and fight! The clouds are breaking,
Far and wide the red light streams,
North and west see millions waking,
From their night-mare doubting dreams.
War is coming. As the thunder
'Mid the mountain caverns rolls,
Driving rains in torrents under,
So the wild roar wakes our souls.

Out and fight! The time is over
For all truce and compromise,
Words of calm are words of folly,
Peaceful dreams are painted lies,
Sumter's flames in Southern waters,
Are the first wild beacon light,
And on Northern hills reflected
Give the signal for the fight.

Out and fight! Endure no longer,
Goading insult, brazen guilt,
Be the battle to the knife blade,
And the knife blade to the hilt,
Till the sacred zone of Freedom,
Girds the whole Atlantic strand,
And the braggart and the Gascon
Be extinguished in the land.

LET IT BE EVER THUS WITH TRAITORS.